

# SON FINDS HIS MOTHER DEAD IN BED BY GAS

Worry About Runaway Son Drives Mrs. Maud Black to Kill Herself.

## HUSBAND ALSO GONE

Disappeared From the Family Home Four Days Ago Without Explanation.

Mrs. Maud Pettit Black, a handsome woman, the wife of a contractor named James Black, of No. 34 First street, was found dead in her apartment in the stylish dwelling house at No. 109 West 42nd street, early to-day by her son, Warren, fifteen years old. The woman was fully dressed. Her head was buried in a pillow, one hand clutching the folds of a waist above her head.

On a table nearby was a note, evidently written just before the three days she was turned on full some time during the night. It read:

"Dear Jim: Bury me in Sleepy Hollow, as you always promised to do. Tell Warren always to remember his poor mother. Try to find Wilfred. Try to keep together for God's sake. Good-bye."

The note was not signed.

Mrs. Black had three sons by a former marriage—Wilfred, aged eighteen years; Herbert, aged sixteen, and Warren. Four months ago Wilfred was away, telling his mother that he wanted to seek his fortune in the West. Since that hour she had been melancholy, worrying continually about the absent boy, who failed to keep his mother posted on his whereabouts. The other boys remained at home, attending a nearby school.

### First Husband Disappeared.

The family lived in prettily furnished rooms on the top floor. Mrs. Black was of a retiring disposition. She rarely left her rooms and was usually in the company of her sons. She was stately and dark and seemed cheerful until recently. According to neighbors she is the daughter of Mrs. Mary Bird, who lives at No. 215 East Nineteenth street. Her first husband, Charles Pettit, disappeared mysteriously ten years ago. She waited word from him for several years, and getting none, married again.

Four days ago her husband, James Black, left the house without saying where he was going. Yesterday morning the distracted woman went to the janitor of the building, Mrs. John Black, and told her that she feared her second husband had followed in the footsteps of the first. She was greatly distressed, saying that this disappearance of her son and husband was driving her mad.

Mrs. Black tried to console her with the hope that Mr. Black was away on a business trip. She seemed to be cheered by this prospect, and calling her son, Warren, returned to her apartment. Shortly after Warren was seen to leave the house. The boy said to-day that his mother had dispatched him to the home of his grandmother to spend the night.

### Blamed His Brother.

Mrs. Black, as near as Coroner Schwann can learn, immediately prepared to end her life. She secured the pad and pencil and sat down at a table after carefully closing the windows and doors and placing rugs from the floor against the cracks in the door. "It's all Wilfred's fault," sobbed the young son who the authorities hurried to the Black home to-day. He had no business running away and not telling mamma where he was going. She worried all the time about him. Then my step-father left here, too, and we don't know where he went. All day yesterday I was frightened. She never told me to spend the night at grandma's before. I didn't sleep much last night and hustled up here as early as I could this morning. The rest you know."

The Black flat being on the top floor, the odor of the illuminating gas did not penetrate to the floor below. The Coroner issued a certificate of death by suicide.

# OUT OF WORK, MAN ENDS LIFE WITH GAS

Brooklynite in Seeking Death Endangers the Lives of Others.

In committing suicide by gas early to-day, Emil Jurgens, fifty-two, of No. 74 Evergreen avenue, Brooklyn, almost took the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver J. Clavel, who live in the rooms above the cellar in which he turned on all the jets.

Jurgens had been out of work for some months, and, naturally, his wife went away in a huff. Just as night approached, the husband proceeded over his troubles, and after midnight went to the cellar to turn on the gas, and, closing the door of a small room turned on the gas. Then he took a seat on a little stool and with his face pressed in his hands, his elbows on his knees, wept.

Mr. Clavel was awakened about daylight by the odor of gas. At first he could not believe it, but managed to get to a window and raise it. He dragged his wife to the air and restored her. Going down stairs when he was able, he found Jurgens dead.

### MORE POLICE PROMOTIONS.

Although Gen. Bingham made sixty-five promotions last week he will continue to advance more men the present week. The retirements of Capt. Higgins and Bowes will enable the Commissioner to make two more captains and four additional lieutenants and sergeants for which there are vacancies.

# Butterfly Test in Prison Told Cascone That He Would Go Free

If It Flew Toward Death Chamber He Was Doomed, He Said to Keeper, and When It Soared Into the World Again He Was Happy and Convinced.

## DATE IN BLOOD ON PICTURE OF VIRGIN.

Prayed Unremittingly in His Cell and Proudly Displays Calloused Knees as Evidence of His Devotion—Certain Thaw Is Sane and Will Be Freed, He Plans a Grateful Surprise.

By Edna Cain.

Raffaello Cascone, the "King of Mulberry Street," has come into his own again. Cleared of the charge of murder, which has hung over him nearly five years, he was released from the Tombs Saturday and there was great rejoicing in Little Italy.

Not only his Italian friends gathered to welcome him, but Mrs. Harry K. Thaw went to Mulberry street in an automobile to congratulate him. In the Tombs Cascone and Thaw became comrades in misfortune, and it does not take long to discover that this is one of the bright experiences that relieved the gloom of Cascone's prison life.

"When Mrs. Thaw came to see her husband every morning she used to come and speak to me. She was so kind and sweet," said Cascone to me yesterday.

Tombs Cascone and Thaw became comrades in misfortune, and it does not take long to discover that this is one of the bright experiences that relieved the gloom of Cascone's prison life.

### His Pious Pilgrimage.

He was very much upset about not being at home when she called on Saturday, but he had not returned from a pious pilgrimage to the Church of Our Lady of Carmelo and so missed her visit.

He had gone to the church to return thanks for his deliverance. Removing his shoes and coat in the prison corridor and kneeling a candle four feet long he began a barefoot pilgrimage to the church surrounded by hundreds of sympathetic countrymen. The police were obliged to ask him to go in a carriage because his followers obscured traffic.

But this picturesque piety, which seemed so spectacular and so incongruous in New York streets, was very real and of a touching simplicity.

"If I had prayed to God with all my heart that I had heard me and I have been released," said Cascone. And he brought to view a remarkable evidence of his faith. It was an Italian print of the Virgin, about fourteen inches by ten. On the margins were ten or more successive dates, written neatly in what appeared to be dull, brownish ink.

### Dates, in Blood, on Virgin's Picture.

"I wrote these dates with my blood," explained Cascone.

Propping the picture up, he knelt before it in expressive pantomime.

"In prison I fast all day, then I pray—at night, at morning, at afternoon, all times—to my God. And sometimes I have dreams that I will get a new trial. 'Then when I have a dream like that I am happy; I feel that my God has heard me and will help me. Then I write the date of my dream on the picture of the Virgin, and I pray for it.'"

Cascone dissects emphatically from the opinion of his learned compatriot, Lombroso, concerning Harry Thaw.

"Mr. Thaw not crazy," he said. "He is good, very good. He was kind to people in prison. He said: 'If you need anything, I give you money.'"

"We play handball and one day he make spots on my shirt. I say: 'See what you done to my shirt!' And he say: 'Oh, never mind; I buy you two shirts,' and he buy me two shirts."

"If he see somebody in prison who need a bath, a haircut, he say to me: 'Cascone, go tell that man to get a bath, a haircut, here's the money.'"

"Mr. Thaw is fine, we have many talks, and he is glad when I am free. I told him he would come out, too."

### Plans a Surprise for Thaw.

Here Cascone produced a cherished possession, a cigar box with several cigars in it of very luxurious appearance.

Mr. Thaw gave me this to bring away and say he wants to see it when he come out. He think I smoke these, but I keep. I go to his trial and when he come out I hide the box behind me, so I say: 'Mr. Thaw, do you want a good smoker?' He say: 'Yes.' Then I bring the box out and 'have one,' and Cascone opened the box with a flourish.

The picture of the Virgin and a number of other pictures Cascone displayed had frames several inches wide, made of rolls of newspaper as large as a pencil. Pasted around these rolls at short intervals were innumerable postage stamps.

These, he explained, were from the hundreds of letters Harry Thaw has received at the Tombs. The frames, ingeniously constructed with Thaw's stamps, and the picture inscribed with Cascone's blood, form what must be the most unique art exhibit in New York.

### His Plea for Thaw.

Cascone said he would again go to work at his business across the street. "But first I would like to see people at Philadelphia, at Long Branch, at Boston." There were other places, but his geographical limitations prevented a complete list.

As we talked one of the cousins served a delicious Italian liqueur. Their manners were charming, and when I left they made me feel that in some place human way I had been included in their lives, and Cascone called after me anxiously.

"You will please not forget to say something nice about Mr. Thaw."

He had bought copies of the Evening World containing the story of his release, and he said he would be glad to see them.

The date of the last dream recorded on this picture of the Virgin was June 12, 1907. The next morning he told the



Raffaello Cascone

# \$14,000 "THEFT" BRINGS STORY OF MISSING WIFE

Crouchen Had Police Hunt Maid, Said Nothing of Spouse's Disappearance.

The mystery of the reported theft of \$14,000 in negotiable bonds from William H. Crouchen, a wealthy retired lawyer, which was so puzzling when it was given out, was cleared up to-day by the announcement that the lawyer's wife has been missing ever since the bonds disappeared. Besides the bonds other property worth \$21,000 more is now said to have been taken.

When the property was missed three weeks ago a search was instituted for a negro maid of Mrs. Crouchen. Not a word was said of the wife's going, and soon the hunt for the maid was called off. The lawyer refused at the time to talk of his loss.

Love for Helen Webster, the eleven-year-old daughter of her half sister, is assigned as the reason for Mrs. Crouchen's flight. Having no children of her own the lawyer's wife showered her affections on the Webster child, who lives in Rochester.

Mrs. Crouchen gave the little girl an allowance of \$200 a month, and it was when she wished to raise this liberal income, when Helen recently visited her here, that the first dissensions between husband and wife that had marred their thirty-eight years of married life is said to have arisen.

Mr. and Mrs. Crouchen lived at No. 1023 Sixth avenue, but the lawyer has now given up the apartments after a vain search for Mrs. Crouchen, and has gone to live with friends, Mrs. Emily Gross, a niece of the missing woman, declared that her aunt was extremely fond of all children, and especially so of Helen Webster. It was thought she might be found in Rochester with the child, but search there was futile.

The \$14,000 in bonds, which were of the Erie and Oregon Short Line Railroad, were said to have been taken from a safety deposit vault to which both Mr. and Mrs. Crouchen had keys. Some of the silver and jewels were gone from the apartment in Sixth avenue when Mr. Crouchen missed his wife and her maid.

It was learned by the lawyer that the Knickerbocker Express Company hauled eleven boxes from the lawyer's home to a "Mr. Beverly," at No. 303 West One Hundred and Forty-eighth street. These were sent, it was said, by the maid, who was known to Mr. Crouchen only as Frances.

After private detectives had searched for the servant for a time the lawyer announced the hunt off, and said he would not try to prosecute her if found. At the address where the boxes were sent it was said no Beverly had been heard of there.

On the day of Mrs. Crouchen's disappearance she had her trunk sent to the Grand Central Station and a claim check brought to her. Mr. Crouchen has not learned that she left since that day, but the trunk is not at the station.

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# ELOPING GIRL AND BOY CAUGHT BY HER UNCLE

Sadie Nugent, 17, and "Brother," Clarence Haigh, 17, Arrested in Park.

Wearing two complete outfits of feminine finery, a pretty, dainty little girl is a fearful prisoner in charge of the Children's Society to-day, waiting to hear what it is decided to do with her and her youthful sweetheart.

Policemen Mulvaney and Caulfield were going through City Hall Park last night when an excited man rushed up and pointing to a boy and girl strolling along Broadway, whispered:

"There they are. Get 'em, quick!"

The officers overtook the couple and

the girl, half hidden under a big, black hat, began to cry.

The boy glared at his captors. They were taken to Police Headquarters, accompanied by the man who had given the alarm. These the latter said he was Daniel J. Dunphy, of No. 34 Elm street, Passaic, N. J. The girl, he said, was his niece, Sadie Nugent, sixteen, daughter of a Lackawanna train conductor, of No. 14 Horse place, Passaic. She disappeared from home, he said, election night.

The boy told the police he was Clarence Haigh, seventeen, son of a dye manufacturer, of No. 41 Westerville place, Passaic. He had been a clerk at No. 14 Beekman street, this city, he said, until a few days ago.

"Why, you're only kids," said the sergeant, pityingly.

The girl wept, and refused to make any statement to the police. Her companion said she came to his house last Tuesday night and persuaded him to bring her to New York, saying she had left home. They put up, he said, at the Stevens House on lower Broadway, registering as "John Smith and his sister Sadie of Rochester, N. Y."

The boy was locked up.

MAINE LOBSTERS IN PACIFIC. BOOTHBAY, Me., Nov. 11.—By order of the United States Commission of Sea and Shore Fisheries a car-load of lobsters from the Government hatcheries here will be shipped to the Pacific coast this week for the first experiment in breeding the Maine lobster in the Pacific Ocean. The result is awaited with keen interest.

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### LEATHER GOODS. In Both Stores.

An extensive stock of Imported and Domestic Novelties, exclusive designs, suitable for Holiday gifts.

Carriage and street hand Bags in beautiful shades of polished Alligator or Ecrase.

Fitted Automobile Bags, made of Pigskin, English Morocco and Auto leather.

Envelope Purses—fitted with opera glasses, mirror, powder puff and two purses. Pigskin or English Morocco.

### Sole Leather Novelties.

English Sewing Boxes and Baskets. Combination glove, handkerchief and veil Cases.

Men's combination tie, collar, handkerchief and jewel Boxes.

Emergency Cases containing medicine bottles, spoon, gauze, bandages, scissors, plasters, etc.

Shoe polish Cases. Dressing Cases of Pigskin, Auto or Sole leather.

Bottle Cases with 2 to 6 bottles. Automobile, boudoir and travelling Clocks.

Jewel Cases, velvet lined. All sizes and leathers. Folding Frames. The latest shades.

All sizes. Lavender Salts in leather cases. Baedeker Guide Books in Pigskin Cases.

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On Tuesday and Wednesday, November the 12th and 13th.

Sterling Silver Tea Spoons.....7.25 doz. Sterling Silver inlaid, best quadruple plate, fancy pieces and flatware.

At greatly reduced prices. Tea Spoons.....2.00 doz. Dessert Spoons.....4.00 "

Table Spoons.....4.75 " Dessert Forks.....4.00 " Medium Forks.....4.75 "

Sugar Shells.....25c each Cold Meat Forks.....35c " Cream Ladies.....30c " Sugar Tongues.....50c "

Cut Glass. 8 inch Bowl.....2.00 and 3.00 Celery Trays, new cutting, 2.00 " 3.00

Jugs, 2 1/2 pint.....3.00 Mayonnaise Sets.....2.50 10 inch footed Punch Bowl.....14.00

8 inch Vase, new shape...4.50 and 9.75

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### LADIES' GLOVES. In Both Stores.

16 button length, Mousquetaire Gloves. Mode, biscuit, pearl, black or white. 2.75 per pair.

### MERINO UNDERWEAR. In Both Stores.

For Ladies and Children.

Ladies Ypsilanti Union Suits of pure white cotton 65c Ladies' Tights, of pure white cotton. 45c

Ladies' Swiss ribbed Merino Vests. 65c

Childrens' Merino Pants, Norfolk and New Brunswick. Odd Sizes. Black ribbed Drawers, small sizes. 35c per pair.

### LADIES' SUITS. In Both Stores.

Broadcloth, Cheviot and striped Worsted Suits. Latest tailored models. 18.00, 24.50 and 29.50

Messaline Dresses. Princess or two-piece model. Suitable for afternoon or evening wear. Light and dark colors. 39.50

Panama and plaid Cloth Skirts. 8.50 and 12.50

### DRESS GOODS DEPT'S. In Both Stores.

On Tuesday, November the 12th.

Sale of Imported Suitings, including mixed Cheviot and Cloth in Plaids, stripes and checks. Various color combinations. 85c per yard former price 1.50

Imported Black Broadcloth, Spangled and shrunken spot proof. Chiffon weight, 50 inches wide 1.85 per yard value 2.50

### CORSETS. In Both Stores.

All Corsets carefully fitted.

Corsets of fine imported Batiste. Model for average figure. Supporters attached. 1.45 usual price 3.00

Corsets made of imported Coutil and Batiste. Models for well developed and slender figures. 1.85 usual price 3.50

La Vida Corsets. Models cut on ideal lines which are unusually well proportioned, giving graceful slender lines to the figure. 3.00 to 15.00

### ART DEPARTMENTS. In Both Stores.

Imported Art Novelties, suitable for favors, prizes, wedding or holiday gifts.

Glove Boxes, Bags, Photo Frames, Lounging Cushions, Head Rests, Pin Cushions and Trays, Veil Cases, Hat Stands, Jewel and Sewing Boxes, Scrap Baskets, Lace Scarfs and Lambrequins.

On Tuesday, November the 12th.

Bureau Scarfs, with ribbon trimming. 1.35

Pin Cushions, embroidered.....1.25

Stamped Underwear. (On Fine Nainsook.)

Night Gowns.....75c value 1.25

Chemises.....45c value 60c

Drawers.....40c value 55c

Corset Covers.....18c value 30c

Wools, Needles, Cottons, oblong or round Embroidery Hoops and Crochet Silks in all the new shades for making four-in-hand scarfs or neckties.

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